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Lincoln and Washington, Feb. 12—Feb. 22.

At a banquet given by the Lotus Club of New York City, Feb. 22, 1896, to commemorate the Father of our Country, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew said:

"This February, for the first time, both Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays have been made legal holidays in New York. Never since the creation of man were two human beings so unlike, so nearly extremes or opposed to each other, as Washington and Lincoln: the one an aristocrat by birth, by breeding and association; the other in every sense and by every surrounding a Demôcrat.

"As the richest man in America, a large slaveholder, the possessor of an enormous landed estate and the leader and representative of property and the culture and the colleges of the Colonial period, Washington stood for the conservation and preservation of law and order. He could be a Revolutionist and pledge his life, fortune and honor for the principles which in his judgment safeguarded the rights and liberties of his country. But in the construction of the Republic and in the formation of its institutions, and in the critical period of experiment until they could get in working order, he gave to them and implanted in them conservative elements which are found in no other system of government. And yet, millionaire, slaveholder and aristocrat in the best sense that he was all his life, he would have died for the immortal principles put by the Puritans in their charter and adopted in the cabin of the Mayflower, and reenacted in the Declaration of Independence, of the equality of all men before the law and of equal opportunity for all men to rise.

"Lincoln, on the other hand, was born in a cabin among that class known as poor whites in slaveholding times, who held and could hold no position, and whose condition was so hopeless as to paralyze ambition and efforts. His situation so far as his surroundings were concerned had considerable mental but little moral improvement by the removal to Indiana and subsequently to Illinois. Anywhere in the Old World a man born amid such environments and teachings and possessed of unconquerable energy, ambition and the greatest power of eloquence and constructive statesmanship, would have been the leader of a social revolt and might have been an anarchist. His one ambition would have been to break the crust above him and shatter it to pieces.

"But Lincoln attained from the log cabin of the poor whites in the wilderness the same position which George Washington reached from his palatial mansion and baronial estate on the Potomac. He made the same fight unselfishly, patriotically and grandly for the preservation of the Republic that Washington had made for its creation and foundation.

"Widely as they are separated, these two heroes of the two great crises of

our national life stand together in representing solvent powers, inspiring processes and the hopeful opportunities of American liberty. The one coming from the top and the other from the bottom to the presidency of the United States, the leadership of the people, the building up of government and the reconstruction of states, they superbly illustrate the fact that under our institutions there is a place and always a time, notwithstanding the discouragements of origin of the youth, for grit, pluck, ambition, honesty and brains."

The Great War President—Lincoln.

BY MRS. GENERAL PICKETT.

Mrs. Pickett was affectionately termed "The Bride of the Confederacy." She has known nine Presidents, and has won fame as one of the most brilliant and interesting writers of the scenes in which her soldier-husband bore so gallant a part.—*Cleveland News, Jan. 14, 1913.*

I was in Richmond when it was swept by a sea of fire. I saw the flames like blazing banners fluttering against the sky and the stormy billows of smoke surging backward and forward and up and down with the changing of the winds. I saw through the gloom the weird, black faces of the colored troops as they galloped up the street.

I heard the screams and yells and curses of the rabble, crazed by the liquor which had been poured from the barrels into the streets and which theydrank from the flowing gutters. Adding to the demoniac horrors of the scene was the blowing up of the magazine, shivering every mirror and pane of glass in our house.

News of the fate of Five Forks had come to me, and the city was full of rumors that my soldier was among the killed. I knew he would come back. But, oh! they were anxious hours.

The day after the fire there was a sharp rap at the door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of Northern troops and my environment had not taught me to love them. With my baby in my arm I answered the knock, opened the door and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes, who, with the accent of the North, asked:

"Is this George Pickett's place?"

"Yes," I said, "this is General Pickett's home, sir, but he is not here."

"I know that, marm," he replied, "but I wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President?" I gasped.

The stranger shook his head and said: "No, marm, no; just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend!"

"I am George Pickett's wife and this is his baby," was all I could say.

The baby reached out his hand and Mr. Lincoln took him. A look of tenderness almost divine glorified that sad face. I have never seen a look like that on any other face. The baby opened his mouth and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy baby kiss. As he handed the little one back to me Mr. Lincoln, shaking his finger at him, playfully said:

"Tell your father, the rascal, that his Uncle Abe forgives him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

The tones of his deep voice touched all the chords of life to music, and I marveled no more that men who knew him loved him. He went down the steps, talking to himself, and out of my sight forever. But in my memory those intensely human eyes, that strong, sad, tender face, and that wonderful voice have a perpetual abiding place. Sometimes in the flash of light we behold in a face a friendship that will never die.

Among my treasured possessions are some letters written by Lincoln, when practicing law in Springfield, to my Soldier, then a young cadet at West Point, where he was placed through the influence of Mr. Lincoln, having been appointed from Illinois because he was studying law there at that time. The homely and humorous philosophy of these missives, the honesty which breathes through every sentence, the cheerful outlook upon life and the ready sympathy of the professional man with the boy just on the threshold of life—all bring him before me as one who was near me and known as a friend. I looked beyond the description he gave of himself:

"Height, 6 feet 4 inches, nearly; lean in

flesh, weighing on an average 180 pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes."

A free-hand sketch like that is easy, but memory fills the outlines with the subtle beauty of soul, the sunny view of life, the deep and tender sympathy, all making up a face of infinite charm which puzzled artists but revealed itself to a little child, causing it to hold out its arms to be taken and present its lips to be kissed.

After my Soldier's return, bowed by the bitter sense of loss, the heartbreak of defeat, came the awful news of Lincoln's death.

"My God! My God!" he exclaimed: "The South has lost her best friend and protector now in the hour of need."

—*Cleveland News, Jan. 14, 1913.*

The Rebel's Ruse.

BY EUNICE WINSOR.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

During the American Revolution a regiment of Continentals were placed in Westchester county to "observe" the British then occupying New York. Denton Woodworth, a bitter Tory, living near the patriot force, discovered that his daughter Evelyn and one of the captains, Elderkin, had fallen in love with each other. Woodworth was so horrified at his daughter marrying a rebel that he decided to leave his place in Westchester county and take his family to New York City. The evening before their departure Evelyn and Elderkin met clandestinely in a wood near by the house, then and there plighted their troth and before parting arranged a method of correspondence. The next day the Woodworth family crossed the Harlem river, were admitted within the British lines and occupied their town house near what was then and is now Bowling Green.

It was not long after their settlement in their new quarters that Evelyn received a letter from an intimate friend of hers, living near her home in Westchester county. It had been sent in with a number of others under a flag of truce. Her father, thinking that the missive might contain some word from Elderkin, opened and read it before giving it to his daughter. It was written in a woman's hand and contained no mention whatever of the rebel captain.

Amelia Woodworth, a sister of the head of the family, was as bitter a Tory as her brother and as deeply interested in breaking up the love affair between her niece and the young rebel captain. The evening of the reception of the letter from beyond the lines, when Evelyn was in bed, Aunt Amelia concluded to do a little detective work. Going into Evelyn's room, she asked her if she would let her read the letter. Evelyn's heart stood still; but, outwardly retaining her equanimity, she told her aunt where to find it, and the old lady sat down by a candle to read it. After trying for a long while to discover some code in it she fell asleep. When she awoke the candle had burned down to the socket, the letter lay near the flame scorched, and across its face was the fragment of a sentence that had evidently been written in green ink—"That old cat, your Aunt Am—."

Indignation struggled with joy at the discovery for a time; then the old lady extinguished the candle and stole away with the letter. Evelyn was awake and saw what she did, but did not dare oppose her. Mr. Woodworth had gone out to Fraunce's tavern for a tipple and to learn if there was any news of the military situation. His sister waited patiently till he returned, then showed him the letter. To her surprise the green letters had disappeared.

Now, the old man loved his daughter, but did not get on with his sister. He looked the letter over carefully, then told Miss Woodworth that she might be in better business than in spying—that she had in her mind a belief that she would make a discovery, and suddenly awakening, had seen the writing only through her distorted imagination. Then he ordered her to take the letter back to Evelyn's room.

Evelyn knew that something had happened, but what she was not sure, since her aunt kept her own counsel. Evelyn dare not destroy the letter for

fear of making matters worse. She left it in her writing desk, and a few days later, when the rain was pouring down and the air laden with moisture, the old woman, rummaging in the desk, came upon another surprise. There was the letter, and this time it was covered with pink letters. Indeed, she read a love letter written across the other from Captain Elderkin to her niece, in which he warned Evelyn to beware of "that old cat, your Aunt Amelia."

Taking the letter into her own room, she sat down before a warm fire on the hearth, laying it on a table beside her. She was rejoicing at the prospect of convincing her brother that she had been right after all. Then it occurred to her to copy the pink words lest they fade like the green ones. Turning to the letter, what was her surprise to find that they had already disappeared.

Defeated again, she replaced the letter where she had found it. Thinking to discover some means for bringing back the secret missive, she went there next day for it, but Evelyn had meanwhile concluded to burn it.

A month later another batch of letters was sent into the British lines and among them one for Evelyn from the same friend who had written her before. Unfortunately for the lovers, it fell into Miss Woodworth's hands. Meanwhile she had confided her secret to a friend, a professor in King's—the name was at that time changed to Columbia—college. The second letter she took to him. He heated it and moistened it with no effect. Then he tried the application of chemicals, and a solution of iodide of starch brought out another love letter, this time in blue.

Soon after this the British evacuated the city, and Captain Elderkin marched in with the patriots. Evelyn finally overcame her father's opposition and married her lover. Then the method of their correspondence was explained.

The first love letter was written with ink mixed with gum arabic and a chloride of cobalt, making pink letters, which disappeared when the ink dried and reappearing green under heat. It again disappeared under cold and became pink again when dampened. The second love letter was written in rice water, the ink of which, after being brought out, will disappear forever.

Good Cheer.

HIS VALENTINE.

With envy deep these flowers I send,
Fresh kissed with heavenly dew;
Why do I envy them? Because
They'll be caressed by you.

HER REPLY.

Your flowers, sweet, have just arrived,
And thank you, dear, I do;
Did I caress them? Yes, indeed,
And wish that they were you.

—*Life.*

Heart of Gold.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

(Copyright, 1906, by Charles W. Hooke.)

I paused outside the door of Austen's studio and fixed a dollar bill so that a corner of it would stick out of my waistcoat pocket. There was no use asking him whether he needed money. He would always repel the insinuation, even when he hadn't had any luncheon and was fierce-eyed with hunger. Neither could he be caught by an open display of coin or bills, but if a bit of money was in sight and Austen didn't know that the owner thereof was aware of it he would betray his need by occasional glances full of gentle and pathetic longing.

Let me hasten to say that Austen was not a failure in the ordinary, old-fashioned way. He used to make a good living from illustrations, cover designs and the better kind of potboiling in general, but he had a serious illness, and while he lay unconscious some of his friends became overanxious and called in too much medical talent. In the present state of the world Austen might better have died, perhaps, than have contracted such a heavy debt. He paid it and hadn't a penny with which to begin work.

Conditions have changed in the last 10 or 15 years, and capital is essential to the artist. Life presses him so hard that he can't both work and live unless he has money in the bank or enjoys some form of special favor from those who have. Otherwise he will be like a swimmer in